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VOL. XVII. NO. 25.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY AUGUST 6, 1897.

PRICE THREE CENTS

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The price for advertisements in this column will be one cent for each word for not less than fifteen words. Advertisements should be received at this office before 10 o'clock Friday.

FOR SALE—Lot on Glenwood Avenue, near Main St., Oranges, N. J., 200 ft. front, 100 ft. deep. Will be sold for \$750. Apply at "Record Office."

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House No. 15 Benson Street, Bloomfield. Seven Rooms. All Improvements. Rent low to a good tenant. Inquire at The Record Office, 29 Broad St.

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At the lowest prices consistent with first-class workmanship.

DR. SEYMOUR BOUGHTON,

For many years with Dr. H. D. Allen, the eminent Surgeon Dentist of New York City, is now prepared to receive patients in his new dental parlors at No. 17 Cedar St., Newark. Teeth extracted painlessly by use of new anesthetic.

Complicated cases requiring scientific dental surgery are respectfully solicited.

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Druggist and Chemist.

Prescriptions put up at All Hours, Day and Night.

CENTRAL BUILDING, BLOOMFIELD.

Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, &c.

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In a Workmanlike Manner.

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PUT THIS DOWN,

and you'll save money; neglect it and you'll lose. You need for your outfit

stay toilet requisites, namely: tooth, hair, nail, and bath brushes; bath towels, sponges, mittens and soaps; tooth powders, hair tonics, perfumes and Petty's witch hazel. Every other article you may need is here—better in quality and lower priced than elsewhere.

Go to Petty's,

Prudential Pharmacy,

Broad, north of Market St., Newark.

Petty's other store 925 Broad St.

NEVER CLOSED Prudential Pharmacy.

PETTY: HE PUTS UP PRESCRIPTIONS OPEN ALL NIGHT.

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PHARMACY,

925 Broad St., NEWARK, N. J.

Martin J. Callahan,

CONTRACTOR.

Flagging, Curbing and Paving.

A supply of Door-steps, Window

sills and Caps, and Cellular Steps on

standby on hand.

STONE YARD: ON GLENWOOD AVE.

Near D. L. & W. R. R. Depot.

HENDERSON THOMAS

THE CHURCHES AND THE WORKINGMEN.

"Yes, the people lack faith; not that individual faith which creates martyrs, but that social faith which is the parent of victory; the faith that arouses the multitudes; faith in their own destiny, in their own mission, and in the mission of the epoch; the faith that combats and prays; the faith that enlightens, and bids men advance fearlessly in the ways of God and humanity, with the sword of the people in their hand, the religion of the people in their hearts, and the future of the people in their soul."

So wrote the great prophet of the people, Mazzini, in 1835, and the words are as true today as when first written. The people lack faith, and the churches cannot give it to them till they become themselves converted. The religious leaders may be loath to acknowledge the fact, but there is an estrangement between the workingmen and the churches. Facts prove this estrangement. The preponderance of women over men at the public services of the church; the creeping in of class divisions; the accentuation of an American as against a foreign element in our population; the general subservience to wealth and fashion, which tends to make the churches uncomfortable for the "plain people," as President Lincoln called them, if it does not altogether exclude them; and, lastly, the prevalence of a type of preaching which is alien to current thought and the practical questions of everyday life among ordinary working people.

On the other side, it may be said that the ideals of workingmen are, as Mazzini saw, becoming markedly irreligious, if not anti-religious. Separation from the churches has led to misunderstanding, and misunderstanding to some degree of bitterness. This may be the fault of the people, yet the remedy is with the churches, and not with the people. If the fish and the fisherman are to find one another it is the fisherman who must do the seeking. You cannot make the fish come to you, but you can make the fisherman seek for you.

It is the fisherman who must adapt himself to the fish. And this adaptation does not consist merely in founding so-called people's churches and missions in the "slums," or abolishing pew rents, but in the proclamation of a truly social and popular gospel.

Ministers of religion are prone to assume that there is but one gospel of Christ, and that they are preaching it in fullness, purity and simplicity. But this assumption is not entirely warranted. There is a constant tendency away from the first purity and simplicity of the gospel. In its periods of greater power and fruitfulness the gospel of Christ has always been emphatically "good news" to the poor, and when it ceases to be so it loses its attractiveness and power. The history of Christendom amply proves this assertion, and what is needed to-day is to get back to the preaching of the gospel of Christ as He preached it in its purity and fullness.

The assailants, equally with the defendants, of present-day Christianity assume that the gospel proclaimed to-day in the name of Jesus is precisely the gospel as he himself first preached it. And undoubtedly the gospel of modern pulpits is at base the same, but it is corrupted and perverted by tradition, and we need to resurrect the very words of Jesus, as contained in the first gospels, if we would be sure of preaching faithfully the ideas of Jesus. Proselyting is not necessarily discipline. Filling his church is not the main business of the minister, but bringing in the kingdom of heaven on earth, and that kingdom is another name for the right social order, which the Socialists seek, truly, if not always wisely.

"Every Christian who understands and earnestly accepts the teaching of his master is at heart a socialist; and every socialist, whatever may be his hatred against all religion, bears within him an unconscious Christianity," said the great Belgian publicist, the late M. de Laveleye.

Here is the possibility of permanent and cordial union between the churches and the workingmen. Let the churches make themselves to be churches of the workingmen, for workingmen and by workingmen, and they will find the question of "how to reach the masses" solved.

In England a labor church has been started, and here free Sunday afternoon religious conferences have been begun in Amity Hall along these lines.

Here are some of our principles: Liberty requires equality; equality requires fraternity; and fraternity demands fatherhood. You cannot have a changed society without changed individuals; nor changed individuals without a changed society. There is no real brotherhood while one luxuriates and another starves. If God is our common father His bounties are for all; no monopoly of natural resources.

This is not only a gospel to workingmen,

but of workingmen. They must begin to preach it. Jesus, the carpenter of Nazareth, is still the great leader of the people.

To quote Mazzini again: "He came. The soul the most full of love, the most sacredly virtuous, the most deeply inspired by God and the future, that men have seen on earth; Jesus, he bent over the corpse of the dead world and whispered a word of faith; over the clay that had lost all of man but the movement and the form. He uttered words until then unknown. Love, Sacrifice, a heavenly origin. And the dead arose. A new life circulated through the clay, which philosophy had tried in vain to reanimate. From that corpse arose the Christian world, the world of liberty and equality. From that clay arose the true man, the image of God, the precursor of humanity." Let this become again the faith of workingmen, and the future is theirs. Let this become the faith of the churches and they will embrace the world.

LEIGHTON WILLIAMS,

Pastor of Amity Baptist Church, New York City

GOOD TIMES IN WALL STREET.

From the New York Times, August 4.

During the last week in July, 1895, the number of shares of stock bought and sold on the New York Stock Exchange was 1,453,497. During the last week in July, 1896, it was 999,388. During last week, the last week in July, 1897, it was 2,189,262.

These figures have a remarkable interest as the record of the business done at the dull season of three successive years. They show, more unmistakably than almost any other evidence could show, the revival of confidence and of business that is making its irresistible way. The condition of the New York stock market is an infallible business barometer. Of course, there may be enormous sales on days of panic and "booms" in particular securities that have little or nothing to do with the general course of trade. But the movement which is indicated by the figures we have quoted is normal, healthy and steady. It shows that there is far more money available for investment than there was last year, and that there is far more confidence in the securities to be bought.

The lesson taught by these statistics is one of national interest and importance. There is another aspect of them which is of great local interest. The brokers' commissions on last week's sales amounted to some half-million of dollars. There is probably no money made that enters so quickly into the general channels of trade as that which is made in Wall Street. All purveyors of luxuries and amusements are aware of this, and that when Wall Street "feels good" they will receive their share of the satisfaction of the street. The keepers of the near-by summer resorts are uplifted in spirit by this fact almost as much as by the return of favorable weather. The hansom cabman no longer sulks upon his perch. Money makes his mark go. The waiter and the restaurateur are gladdened by the popping of many corks, and the heart of the wine merchant in its turn is made to sing for joy.

Of course, all this is but the froth of the wave. But it helps to make the wave visible. A more serious symptom of the good time felt by everybody to be coming is the fact that the managers of great financial institutions, who last year were chained to their desks by anxiety and apprehension, now do not hesitate to take long holidays and even to put themselves out of the reach of the telegraph. The business takes care of itself, as sound and well-organized business will do in good times. Some of the causes which produced the long depression are still in existence, but they are in abeyance, and there is no immediate prospect of their emerging to plague us again.

THE RECORD has been rather pessimistic in estimating the value of returning prosperity as indicated by the stock-market barometer. If the above will "help to make the wave visible," everybody should be hilarious.

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfin'd!"

But seriously, while no objection need be interposed to Wall Street's having a "good time," there is no occasion for general rejoicing because of the wastefulness and refined barbarity of our American privilege class.

The one thing to rejoice over, the only thing that inspires real hope and courage is the socialism that grows and grows while individualism, "well organized business," is taking a summer vacation. I speak not of destructive socialism, of foreign growth, that cannot wait, that cannot rule itself, but of the irresistible upbuilding of social democracy, while aristocracy, upheld by paganism, is dying of its own corruption. The self-rulers, the autocrats, are making good headway for the regeneration of individuals and of society.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "XERO."

(Copyrighted by James A. Tabor.)

TO YOUNG MEN IN LOVE:—You have had your chances to trot other fellows when they gradually absented themselves from the store or the corner; but now your turn has come; for I assume your male companions have already found you out. Like thieves set to catch thieves, they recognize the symptoms, and they tease you a little if you are easy-going and much more if you are had tempered about it. Now a stranger, a young man among young men, would like a really thorough communion with you on the same subject, but not in the same spirit of fun-making. I realize that none of us know all things; that some few of us think more than others; and that the greater number enter into no sort of understanding of the beautiful oasis love can prove to be in a desert life. So let us chat together as though I were a tried and trusted friend to whom you had come in perplexity.

Do you realize how great a change has come over your spirit? Go back a few years in your memory! As a whapping, rickety boy, full of good spirits, and a probable tyrant among your sisters, girls were all very similar to you. Your free boyish spirit made you almost look down on the helpless "softies," who could not climb trees at all nor run races well, nor play games passably. There may have been in those early days, one bright-eyed school miss who found in you a champion and a protector. But you were more or less ashamed of your sneaking regard; had no idea of the kingdom of love whose outskirts you were traversing; and the boy who poked fun at you about it was almost sure to be given "the lie," with a full measure of fists behind it. In time that experience probably came to you. The girl was a confirmed snorer, and you were only as a confirmation of your theory that woman needs a protector in man. Schooling came to an end, business began, and the chums of the store and the street had so much of evil suggestion to make regarding girls that your main thought of them was as a very pleasant after-thought of the Deity, devised for the amusement and comfort of mankind, of whom you were chief.

But now another change has come. Forgetting your belittling ideas of "softies" and "playthings," you have been pressed forward by the selective impulse of Nature to a point where you see one whom you desire "to have and to hold," though all the rest perish.—In other words you are "in love," and because you are, I believe, for a time at least, you have escaped from earlier unworthy ideas. The woman you love has opened the dismal dungeon of lascivious thought that holds so many youths in thrall. How has she done it? Mainly through your own conviction, that, whatever of playthings other women may be, this one—your one—is a pure, noble spirit. Your soul is at last out of its prison of wrong understanding; a woman has released it, and in the first access of a new idea, you place her on a pedestal of glorious esteem; you worship her in secret as a goddess hoping some day soon to proclaim her as such in the ears of the community.

Mark how the sleeping landscape lies in the twilight gray. By the shades of night half hidden, Dreaming the time away.

Watch as a rosy finger heralds the coming dawn, Pointing the varied beauties Of love and wood and lawn!

See the world spring to brightness, Glisten with laughing dew, Changed in a single moment:—The heavens, the earth are new!

So on the youth or maiden, Fresh from the realms above, Their twilight life transforming There breaks the Dawn of Love.

Mile after mile you will travel in the stormiest weather if only you may see her for a few moments. Without a qualm of conscience, you now are apt to let the ordinary girl shift for herself where escorts are needed. But your dear one finds in you one so persistent that he sees her home the longest way round, even though his own comfort and rest are seriously affected. You count all loss of ease, gain; if you can but travel a few further footsteps. If in Scripture parlance, she ask you to go one mile, you gladly go twain. Whether fit or unfit you spring to perform almost any task she may lay on you. If you are "in love" you know well I haven't exaggerated a particle the complete way in which you are now compelled to acknowledge to yourself that "weak woman" has a last asserted her strength. Her power is so great that,

compared with it, you are feeble, and apart from it you have none.

During the hours of gloomy employment there come flashes of memory wherein one particular smile or one expression of love brightens your whole horizon, like lightning on a summer's night. Your senses recall her every gesture with a sort of ecstasy, that is a solace to your eager heart until you return once more to the donor of sweet hopes and wholesome purposes. As evening draws on, if that be your time for visiting her, supper finds you restless to be gone. Remarks addressed to you by the home-folks get answered in monosyllables, or you fall altogether to understand what they are saying to you. The sounds of the fields, the highways and even the busy streets, chime in with the rugged harmony of your heart. Come the hoarse roar of the storm or the gentle sighing of breezes, they are both one to you! The storm you defy and the breeze you would force into strength, for you are a man, walking with head fearlessly erect, treading the earth like a king. You are nervous to your best because a woman has owned that she loved you; she has bowed down her mightiness to make you feel that she leans on you, and it braces up all the best that is within you.

You are now at the supreme moment of your life; your days are big with fate, Love is sublime in its influences; it is awful in its possibilities.

At the outset I spoke of love as an oasis. An oasis is exactly the sort of place that describes the love of many. The traveler over a dreary desert with its drought and misery, flings himself with joyous gratitude under refreshing shade. The very strength he gains, too often make him "grow weary of peace, makes him pine for change, makes him dream of more beautiful spots yet to be found. From the desert he came, back to the desert he goes. Since the desert is a place of danger and deprivation, if you want your strength, your next week we will return to our present subject.

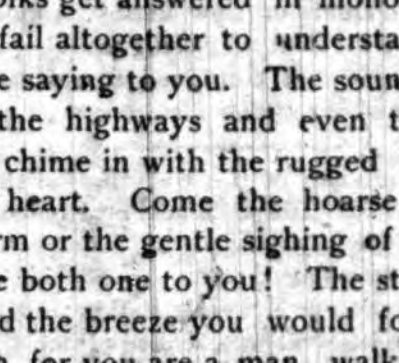
The Assessors of Bloomfield township have fixed the tax rate for 1897, and it will be 3.03 in the Second, Third and Fourth districts. In the First, or Brookdale district, the rate will be 2.47. Some taxpayers may not realize what 3.03 means, but may be they will when they get their tax bills and find the assessments upon their property footed up. While all other towns about us are reducing their local expenses Bloomfield seems to have adopted a policy that is reckless in its disregard of all fair warnings.

The annual basket picnic of the patrons of husbandry of Essex, Morris and Union Counties will take place on the 10th of August at Tuttle's Grove on the Passaic. There will be speaking at two o'clock. H. W. Collingwood, editor of the Rural New Yorker; John T. Cox, Master of the State Grange; Franklin Dye, Secretary State Board of Agriculture, and others will make addresses. Music by the Caldwell Brass Band. The committee announces that arrangements have been made for the checking of bicycles and parcels, also that no intoxicating drinks will be sold within the grounds.

The Polished Arrow comes to us this month in the guise of a "vacation" number. We congratulate the staff of that worthy periodical that it has not allowed the popular fancy for "dropping things" during the summer months to interfere with the editorial obligations.

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Shopping by Mail.

Many will scarcely credit the service that over two-thirds of this country's population is fast receiving from the great trading centers; it is perfectly true, however, and there are many thousands of people who would be excluded from the many advantages accruing from shopping with a home like OURS were it not for a thorough mail order system.

It is our ambition to make the best advantage of every resident within a radius of one hundred miles, and to this end we facilitate them with our irreproachable methods, scrupulously detailed in every and perfect price department. We believe that shopping by mail can be made a source of pleasure and convenience, to any willing of profit to our out-of-town neighbors.

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Request for samples, orders for information or information concerning goods sent will be given immediately and despatched. Merchandise forwarded or returned, repaid fully and post or express.

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Stores, 157 Market St. and 677 Broad St.

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To country or seashore be sure you have one of our STERLING SILVER WAIST SETS. We have over 150 varieties for your selection, and prices are so moderate you may have a set for each waist—we have them at 25c. and up to \$3.25. Solid Gold Sets from \$4 up.

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Of the dainty but inexpensive sort may be found in great variety in our cases.

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